Often I am asked, “When will you have kids?”

I think, parenthood—scary yet exciting

How will my life change? Will I change?

Will Todd change? Will we be good parents?

How will I know we’re *ready*?

Is it when we have money in the bank or own a home that is not a condo

When will I feel “settled down” or established in my career?

Maybe being ready is changing a diaper, learning to swaddle

Or heating a bottle to that “just right” temperature.

Does ready mean I will be able to accept a disabled child?

Or the possibility that I am sterile

If I’m ready, will miscarriage will be ok?

Or that I can be conditioned to function on three hours of sleep?

Will I be ready when my stomach is so swollen that I wonder if my feet still exist?

What about when my breasts feel like volcanoes ready to erupt,

Am I ready then?

Maybe I will be ready for parenthood and not even know it

Maybe someone else will know I’m ready and let me know-God, mom, my husband or a friend…

I would like to know I’m ready to be a mom.

To know I’ll be fine. Plan.

Know the time is right.

Know what to say to those who ask when I will be ready.

Ready

Set

Go!